THE PRINCE OF LOVE.

How sweet I roamed from field to field, And tasted all the summer's pride, Till I the Prince of Love beheld, Who in the sunny beams did guide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair, And bluching roses for my brow; He led ne through his gardens fair, Where all his golden treasures grow.

With sweet May dows my wings were wet And Phæbus fired my vocal rage; He caught me in his sliken net, And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me.
Then stretches out my golden wing.
And mocks my loss of liberty.
WILLIAM BLAKE.

## THOSE SMITHS!

THOSE SMITHS!

When Mr. Josiah Smith bought Tollesham fewers, the event was considered a calamity broughout the neighborhood. The world knows well that North Cleyshire is the centre of Conservatism. There every one who is any one counts causaders and early barons among their ancestors. The Leavenhams came in with the Conqueror. The flodwins, of Seaford, are Saxon. Within a radius of ten miles round Tollesham is suen a representative collection of birth and blood as distinguishes, not to say hallows, that spot beyond all other, with the community when the last owner of the Twors died, practically heirless—desceration that the place should be thrown on the market. But concern the beautiful the place should be thrown on the market. But concern the beautiful the place should be thrown on the market. But concern the beautiful the place should be thrown on the market. But concern the beautiful the place should be thrown on the market. But concern the same and the parameters of the result of the place should be thrown on the through the same and the parameters are the parameters of the parameters of

Similar consternation was caused by Mr. Smith's squally generous offer in a different direction. The Hunt of North Cleyshire was in a bad way when he came to Toile-ham. Tenants' disasters pulled on landlords' pockets. Sporting subscription lists (about the last to suffer) showed a diminished total. The master threatened resignation, and no substitute could be found.

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"But we mustn't let the thing drop!" said free-handed Mr. Smith to one of his own farmers. "I'll ge them through a season or two. We must let Captain Uppingham know somehow that I'm good for a few hundreds." But rather than stoop to this indignity the leaders of the Hunt would forswear foxes forever! They "confounded his impudence" through every variety of aristocratic expletive, raked up a purse among themselves, and when Mr. Smith, splen! dly mounted, appeared at the January meet, gave him the cold shoulder, and rallied with one accord round the Uppingham's antiquated chariot, as if in protest against the plebenar's presence among them. Having sense, if not tact, even this failed to disturb Mr. Smith, but having sentiment as well as sense, he owned a vulnerable point—his daughter! A widower since Mabel's birth, eighteen years before, all the sefter emotions of his life, the pride that grew with her Ma deentred in this child, liv great great hack Mabel's birth, eighteen years before, all the sefter omotions of his life, the pride that grew with her life, had centred in this child. By great good luck Mra Annesley, the girl's governess, now chaperone, was a woman of culture and refinement. Under her care Makel grew into a charmingly intelligent maidenhood. Excessively pretty in the eyes of all but the bitterly, prejudiced, she had many graces, and was properly the crowning joy of Mr. Smith's existence; but, being his child, she was unmercially snubbed and held at arm's length by the patrician dames of Cleyshire, as it she had been a pestilence. Mr. Smith soon found this out, and resented for his darling what he laughed at for himself.

eshed for his darling what he laughed at for himself.

"Not a very lively part of the world this—eh, Mib†" said he, one spring day finging down a paper containing lists of people present at balls to which they had received no in ritations.

"Gay enough for me, papa," answered Mabel, dimly divining the source of discontent. "You know I never care to drag you about to dances, where you must be duil."

"You haven't had the chance of putting me to the penance here," grumbled her father; "but," brightening up, "I've an idea. We've not done our duty toour neighbors. We've had no housewarning. When the days are longer we'll entertain all round—have a band from town, tenns in the aftermeon, and a 'hop' in the evening. That'll fetch our friends up—ch, Mrs. Annesiev? Do you like the plan, Mab ?"

No-un secret, she did not. Instinctively Mrs. Annesley i resaw disaster to the scheme. But Mr. Smith in high glee ran over a catalogue of people to be invited, and sunused himself for a month devising preparations for a festivity his daughter dreaded but could not avert. Of course, when the thing came on it was an abject fainure. Shoals of refusals arrived each morning. Every lady for miles round was suffering from indisposition. The men "presented their compliments but would be from home on May 21." Some took no notice of "R.S.V.P." but tossed their cards aside, answering them neither by word nor presence.

The day was delicious as the soul of spring. The band discoursed sweet music. Games of all kinds courted players; refreshments, lavishly provided, were freely partaken of—by the servants. But the company! A few country lawyers, dectors, parsons, and their respective families, a few squircens, a wet townspeeple from Narbridge, and that was alout all. Not one of the "cream" of Cleyshire, except young Mr. Uppingham, of Beltoft, who, attracted in truth by Mabel's lovely face, accepted invitation the rest of his family declined, rode or in the teeth of his mother's fierce opposition.

So the entertainment was a fiasco. Mr. Smith's warth rose of the invitation has a way again. No-in secret, she did not. Instinctively Mrs.

away again.

So the entertainment was a fiasco. Mr. Smith's wrath rose at the insult offered to his daughter. But for shame at contessing aimself locked out, he would have sold and left the place for ever. Swallowing his mortification as best he could, he carried Mabei off to Norway for six weeks, and let his indignation cool before returning.

But after this nothing for awhile went well. Mabei might revel in country life, content with all surroundings; so was not her father, while his child's femoure acquaintance was imited to the parson's wife, who positively patronized her (on \$500 a year, mostly from tithe!), and the old Women of the parson, whose respect and reverence it. Smith would gladly have bartered for an hour's fineadliness from Lady Lavenham or even Mrs. Uppingham. But these ladies showed no signs of unbeading.

dubending.

Geoffrey Upplingham certainly called at the Towers when the Smiths returned, but, bringing neither card nor apologies from his mother, his visit as not only not pleasant, but added fuel to Mr. Smith's affront, and tinged Miss Mabel's manner with a paned reserve that sent the young man away very uncomfortable indeed.

"Hang it!" thought be. "I can't see what one wants to be so deucedly particular for! There's nothing bad about the old man, and his daughter

Well, what she might be, occupied Mr. Geoffrey massingly just then. Cut off from the legitimate was to her acquaintance, he had to seek her compared to her acquaintance, he had to seek her compared to her acquaintance, he had to seek her compared to her acquaintance, he had to seek her compared to the contriving. See that he been so constant in his devotions at Tellesham Church, though that was not the proper acquaint for the Beliott people, and their pew, next as Smithy, was only granted them by courtesy. The county lanes, though not too picturesque could became deeply interesting to this mass, especially those adjoining the Towers. As assetsy, driving with Mabel in the afterneous pew quite accustomed to the studiedly maked their special colling neighbor, and ustomed to the stu

if the accidental meeting miscarried she seemed to miss it. So did Mahel!

miss it.

So did Mabel!

It was strange how often the gentleman was on the route of the young lady's morning canter (taken when his father was busy with his bailifil), how continually appearing to open a gate, to give warning of traction engines, to direct the best way home, to make himself so useful that the green's office became a sinecare; and not only so useful, but so—agreeable! Even Mr. Smith, seeing him occasionally, commended him, saying "he wasn't such a fool as the rest of them." And when, through secret exertions on Geoffrey's part, an invitation arrived for an approaching county ball, the fond parent fancied his child was finding his level at last, and in return prepared to make himself amiable even to nis enemies. But, ains! Mr. Smith reckoned without his host. Tall, well-made, gray-haired, and of good presence, he was by no means the least presentable man in the room, and his daughter might have been a young duchess, as, with shy girlish dignity, dressed unexceptionably in purest white, she made her first public appearance at Narbridge. There was no candid judgment but pronounced her the evening's belle. Other women's wills might deny the fact, but not their eyes. The men held their tongues to their partners, but in the cardrooms and lobby freely circulated their praise of the new beauty, coupled with many a lamentation that she should be so—"er—well-shoopy, you know." But that stigma hardened the Cleyshire clique into adamant. In three long hours twice only was Mabel's hand sought fer a dance, though no lighter or truer step than hers beat time upon the floor. Twice was valant Mr. Geoffrey Uppingham her partner, once in a long delicious waitz, and once in a quadrille for which, to his unspeakable annoyance, he had considerable difficulty in finding a vis-à-vis. Mr. Smith from a lounge close by took in the whole situation, from Mrs. Uppingham's black looks as she sat fanning herself furiously till the figures finished, to her rapid descent upon her son with the imperative desire for their carriage

He who will not when he may, When he will he shall have nay,

thought Mr. Smith, savagely, delighted at spiting them. Before his daughter understood the rapid turn of affairs, half a dozen names were on her programme. Before the first partner could claim her Mr. Smith announced that he was going, and no entreaties of tardy admirers could induce him to ston.

treaties of tardy admirers could induce him to stop.

Not even Geoffrey Uppingham's. So that luckless young man could only watch Mabel being shrouded in white fur and hurried on her father's arm downstairs, while he followed with Mrs. Annesley, just for one more touch of the little gloved hand, and a shy "good night" from the beautiful, half-sad gray eyes that haunted him for hours afterward.

That ball seemed the climax of Society's spleen with the Smiths. Soon sundry gentlemen showed signs of softening and being civil. Mr. Smith utterly declined to have anything to do with them.

"They'd ridden the high horse when they chose. Now it was his turn. He wasn't going to be whistled to their (something not polite) — heels like a dog!"

"They'd ridden the high horse when they chose. Now it was his turn. He wasn't going to be whistled to their (something not polite) — heels like 2 dog."

The Committee of Gentiemen got in a muddle over their church. The Reverend Algernon Copeland signified at the Towers that a former offer would now be gladly accepted. But—

"Ch—u—r—ch!" said Mr. Smith, pretending to have forgotten all about it. "Oh, I remember! Ah!! said something once; but you didn't seem to want it, so I sent my mite to Stockpool. You are welcome to fifty pounds, though, if that's any use."

And with that small sum the mortified cleric departed, Mr. Smith grimly chuckling over the discomiture of the grandees who felt the want, if they wouldn't recognize the weight of his money-bags.

But it was an awkward state of affairs. Under it the rich man, soured out of all likeness to his old genial self, meditated all manner of retort, lost his spirits, was sometimes surly even to Mabel, and found no interest at Tollesham except in flinging away movey over his bad farming. Mabel drooped sadly. The rosy light seemed dying out of her youth. She was growing miserable in her fine new home, and could have hated Tollesham had it not been the first spot on earth where was born to her an experience most wonderful and sweet, though, alas! most short. Could its shortness have been connected with Mr. Gooffrey Uppingham's absence? Anyhow, by some family legerdemain he was gone soon after that ball, whisked off to London, where it was announced a relative in high places was "going to do something for him."

"Pack of stack-up paupers." growled Mr. Smith, by way of comment on his departure. "Can't even afford to give their sone a decent start in the world! I dars say the young fellow's got nothing in him, and will go to the dogs now he's left his mother's leading-strings." An unkind speech, which brought a hot blush te Mabel's cheeks, and, for The first time in her life, a spark of anger toward her father.

It was early in the next year when some town friends, rich

child, you re staking. I sairted you by senting for you in a hurry. You won't mind, though, when you hear the reason."

Then, as they drove home, Mr. Smith disclosed his secret. Of course Mabel had heard of the dissolution. For the next fortnight all the country would be given over to electious. Narbridge was looked upon as safe. An Uppingham or an Arden had represented the place for fifty years. The Conservatives always expected to walk over the course. But would they, though, this time? A deputation of Liberals—clever, far seeing menhad waited on him, Mr. Smith, and petitioned him, in the interest of his native land, to oppose this haughty cabal. He had telt it his duty to yield to their entreaties and—

"What will you say to have your father an M. P.—eh, Mab? I fancy my little girl will hold her own among the best of them them—don't you?"

"But, papa," faltered Mabel, "if—if you don't get in!"

"But, papa," faltered Mabel, "II—It you don't get in!"

"Padge, fudge, fudge! Fiddlesticks, my dear! I'm sure to get ia! The body of the people are growing intelligent. They'll be thankful to throw off the yoke of the other party. I've got a capital committee; my address is out to-day. I don't care what it costs—I will get in!"

Whatever Mabel thought she dared not speak. The terrors of the fortnight that followed she will not forget to her oying day. Every soark of malice in her father's composition entered into the contest. She, her half-hearted self, was dragged, an inwilling witness, to the public meetings; was terrined nearly out of her senses by the uproar of the nomination day; all but fainted when brought unexpectedly face to face with the opposition canvassing party (Mr. Geoffrey among them, fetched down in a burry to assist at this crisis); and fairly fell into hysteries when the final numbers went up at the close of the poll: at the close of the poll:

"To whom?" said he, latter a patch seconds, seeming hours, "Geof—fe—ry Up—Up—Uppingham, father. We were m—married in London, half an hour before you sent for me home."
The safferer lay very still under this fresh blow. Mabel turned calm with very fright. But presently he said, in a very matter of-fact way—
"Kiss me, and den't fret, child. Send the young

man to me. What can't be cured must be endured?"

A sensible verdict that all the neighborhood coincided in! The romance of the whole proceeding took the edge off its un weicomeness. Mrs. Uppingham mere could not harden her heart against the poorgir!, when she was in such quetress about her father. Captain Uppingham was always open to the influence of female beauty, especially when coupled with a quarter of a million of money. It was discovered that Mr. Smith's connection with trade only extended to tea—and tea was a preminently respectable commodity. Further, it was found out that the late Mrs. Smith was quite a gentlewoman, a remote connection of a Cleyshire baronet. That fact was a great help—the Uppinghams made much of it. They pardoned their son with a good grace, and all society obsequiously followed suit.

The young folks waited only to see Mr. Smith on the high road to health (and henceforward he abjured politics and improved in farming), and then went of for their honeymoon to Italy. Thence returning, they took up their abode at the Towers, whither I would direct my readers if they want to see the prettiest woman and most harmonious household in all Cleyshire.—[Whitehall Review.

TIME AND PLACE.

How does our Mistress Nature cause to grow
Her delicate births of blossom and of leaf?
First in their seasons, although these be brief;
Then, in their places, although these be low.
And on the ground that ne'er bore flower or sheaf,
She lays, perhaps, a simple charge of snow. F. O.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ECCENTRICITIES.

Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

The court ctiquette has grown more rigid and inflexible during these months of increasing morbidness, and soon it is feared the Queen will be as far removed from her people as a Chinese Emperor. She carries out her wilful insistence upon etiquette in every least detail, and even when it concerns only her ewn children and grandchildren.

When the Princess Louise returned from Canada and arrived at Windsor she was kept waiting until she had changed her attire and until the Queen seat word she was prepared to receive her. It is reported that the Princess entered the drawing-room in the evening to await dinner, dressed in a most lovely crimson velvet gown, with crimson silk hose to match. The Queen happening to espy the Princess's feet, said: "Do yen not know that colored stockings are not permitted in my presence? hose to match. The green nappening to the state of princess's feet, said: "Do you not know that colored stockings are not permitted in my presence? Go to your room at once and change your stockings." And so the poor Princess came down to dinner in a crimson velvet dress' wearing white

stockings!
Not one of the royal children ever visits the Not one of the royal children ever visits the Queen except by special and formal invitation. Her Majesty appoints the hour for her own children to come and for them to go. One can imagine the unnaturalness of such a household. The Prince Consort was stately, but he was a genial, happy, mirth-loving gentleman. He was a most affectionate husband and father, and no royal ctiquette ever stood in the way of his fine German heartiness. Since his death his children have had no parental companionship, and they are as far removed from the Queen as though they had not been born of ner. It is well known that the Prince of Wales has very great influence with his mother and is personally deeply attached to her. He was a constant companion of his father, and he quite remembers how his father managed the Queen in the old days. The Prince is said to be most charming in his relations to his mother, and is always upon his most beautiful manners in ner presence. He at times does approach her with great affection and even tenderness of feeling and demonstration.

CÆSAR'S LOGS NOT USED FOR PIANOS.

SOME TALK ABOUT SOUNDING-BOARDS AND THE BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE.

A TRIBUNE representative called on one of he leading piano manufacturers of the city a few days ago and found that white-haired worthy in his office chuckling to himself and apparently enjoying the contents of a Hartford paper which he was perusing.

"What nonsense clever men-for I suppose all n paper men are clever—can write at times," was Now just listen to this which I find printed as an extract from a ' German paper' the title of which judiciously withheld," and he read about as follows: A piano firm in Berlin has bought the oaken piles which have just been taken out of the Hhine at Mayence, and which are said to be the original timbers of the bulige which Julius Cesar constructed.

eaten and decayed logs make the best sounding boards for planes and that within a few years plan irms have sent agents through Connecticut to find falle and partly decayed chestnut logs, and such timber ha been sold at good prices. Did you ever hear the like Why, the sounding-board of a plane has in the first place the last would be utterly useless were there a suspictor even of a worm-hole. So you see of how much value Mr. Cresar's oaken logs would be plane sounding

of music' you see in my wareroom have to be as thoroughly seasoned as the oldest toper in the city of Newmorning.

"You are not ill, papa?" was her frightened greeting, the moment she alighted at Narbridge station.

"Ill, m; pet! Never better in my life. Why. child, you're skaking. I startled you by sending for you in a hurry. You won't mind, though, when Now you know that at eclarights very eften sink one evaporated, warping to the dea of that sort that aused the scribe on the 'German paper' to imagine that a soaking of nineteen centuries in the Rhine would make the wood nearly perfect for plano-manufacturing purposes."

What about the Connecticut chestnut trees? "What about the Connecticut chestaut trees!"
"I guess that's meant as a joke. To tell you the honest
truth, we do use a little chestaut wood which though
well-seasoned is rather werm-esten, but that is because
we get it very cheap. We use it for the bottom boards,
which are quite out of sight and are only used to prevent
the entrance of dust into the body of the instrument. I
once tried to veneer some wood of that description but

the entrance of dust into the body of the instrument. I once tried to veneer some wood of that description but found that in a short time the position of each minute hole was planly discernible on the surface of the veneer when the light fell on it. But one thing you may be sure of, and that is that if any one offers you some decayed oak piles cheap, don't think you will make money out of them by reselling them to a plano manufacturer. We've plenty of dead wood in the trade without wanting any of that sor?"

The conversation then drifted over to the details of the menufacture generally, and the reporter learned that a plano passes through about a dozen hands in old-fashioned shops and through thirty or forty in the monster establishments of later date where fifty or sixty instruments a week are turned out. He also learned that the wages paid to workunen vary from \$10 to \$30 a week, that the highest paid mechanic is the "tone adjuster," who gets from \$30 to \$50, and whose work is most delicate, difficult and important. That ar kit "of tools sometimes costs as much as \$50, but only when the owner is proficient in several branches. That the majority of those employed are Germans, Danes or Swedes, native-born Americans being at a discount as they will not work for the amount of wages the foreigners are satisfied with, and besides, as a rule, have not learned their trade so thoroughly. That the present system of the subdivision of labor renders those who have learned their trade so thoroughly. That the present system of the subdivision of labor renders those who have learned their trade so thoroughly. That the present system of the subdivision of labor renders those who have learned their trade to the cook has leave feeling that he knew all about a plano—elect thour to play on it.

SOME FACTS ABOUT LEMONS.

SICILY STILL THE GREAT SOURCE OF SUPPLY-ENORMOUS INCREASE IN CONSUMPTION. A TRIBUNZ reporter called on one of the largest dealers in fruit in the United States yesterday to get some information about the lemon trade. "Nearly all the lemons handled in this market," said

"Nearly aif the lemons handled in this market," said the dealer, "are imported. Sicily contributes more than all other countries put together. Calabria, Messina and Palermo send out large consignments. There are four crops each year. The lemons are cut from the trees when green and placed in magazines where they are subjected to a sweating or purging process. At the end of four or five days the fruit is either stored away in shallow trays or packed for shipment. Lemons gainered in November and December have the best keeping quali-ties. I have kept lemons of this cut from November till June without destroying their market value. When the fruit arrives here it is sold at auction, this being the only way in which iomons and oranges are sold to the trade. One year ago a steamer arrived with a cargo of 36,000 boxes. The entire lot was disposed of the same day. Unless the broker or dealer wishes to sell his purchase at once the fruit is put away and ripened by steam

"Is it true as reported that sulphur is employed to give green lemons the appearance of ripeness i" asked he reporter.

"Not that I am aware of, and I think I ought to know "Not that I am aware of, and I think I ought to know. Such a process would hart the keeping qualities of the fruit, which of course would be a serious matter.

"Our business has entirely changed since the introduction of steamers. The voyages by the old sailing fruiters were long and uncertain. A cargo of decayed lemons was the frequent result of a voyage of several months. Now, with rapid transportation at his command, the shipper can allow his lemons to remain on the trees many weeks longer than he could then, and is quite certain that on arriving at this market the fruit will be in a good condition.

"The best and consequently the highest case lemons come from Sorrento. Great care is bestowed upon

come from Sorrento. Great care is bestowed upon their cuitivation. The fruit is long and smooth and has a beautiful golden color. These lemons are considered a luxury in Paris where they are used not only by confectioners and baxers, but also by decorators. Generally speaking a medium-sized, thus-skinned lemon is the

best. The large, coarse-grained variety are the poorest and cheapest.

"TheUnited States consume more lemons in a year than all other countries combined, kussia comes next. The custom the Russians have of drinking their tea with a slice of lemon in it, accounts for the large consumption there. The growth of the lemon trade in this country during the last thirty years, has been enormous. In 1850 119,000 boxes were imported. Last year this number had increased 1,342,000 boxes. The summer is our best season. There is one more fact about the lemon and general fruit trade that is worthy of notice. The people in the far West will not buy any but the choicest fruit. It makes no difference what the prices are; they will buy it,"

"It has been reported that 'blood' oranges have been manufactured by unscrupulous dealers out of ordinary fruit by introducing an antline dye within the pulp of the orange. Do you think this can be true?"

"No, I do not," replied the dealer. "A pimeture could not be made in the rind of an orange without hyaring it. The fruit would begin to decay at once at the point where the incision had been made. This would prevent toe dealer from realizing a profit on his oranges unless the posed of immediately."

THE HAIR WORN BY ACTORS.

GOSSIP ABOUT FECHTER, BOOTH AND ROSE COGHLAN. A wig-maker's shop is a curious place. The heads of hair and heards that hang up in glass cases have more interest than ordinary shopwares, and the customers that drop in are almost always sure to have odd traits of character. "You might almost fancy that a wig has intelligence under it," saidMr. Hellmer, of Hellmer & Gluth, whose shop is near Wallack's old theatre. He took down from a shelf a box full of wigs, which looked like so many human heads. To demonstrate what a com-plete transformation is made by a wig, he put one with long white hair on his head and hung a flowing gray beard on his chin. It gave him the appearance of Rip Van Winkle after he has taken his long eleep, or of King Lear. Then he put on a black wig with long black hair, ragged and forked at the ends, which gave him a flerce aspect; the beard was long, sweeping almost to his waist.

"This would do for a weird enchanter," said the wig-

maker, "or for a villanous Jew."

As he took out one wig after another from the box, Mr. Helimer was transformed into a sleek millionnaire with a shiny bald bend, an English equire, a man about town, a grisly and rugged person suggestive of "Nicko" the Woods," a foolish boy and an Irishman with coarse, red hair that might pass for "Pat" Rooney. Another box contained wigs for women. There were yellow wigs to make the weare look youthful and blooming on the str., and wigs with crisp black hair, suitable for the spackie and dash of a French adventuress. The cap to which the hair is attached is made to resemble the color of fiesh, and comes well down on the forehead. "How is the cap made to correspond with the color

of the facel" asked the reporter. "The face is made up to correspond with the wie." wa the reply.

"Do actors usually wear a wig on the stage !" "Some of the parts they play with their own hair, but usually they have a wig for each character in their repertory, as they wish to change their appearance

time they assume a part."

"Are beards worn in the same manner as wigs!" "Fechter would never hang a beard on his chin. He always had his beard made up each evening when he appeared in a character requiring beard on his face." "How was this done!"

"I went to the theatre and pasted single hairs on his face with spirit gum. A beard made in this manner looks very like a natural beard. George Edgar was also very particular about his stage beard. When he played some of his stage characters his beard was also mad

The wig-maker pointed to a collection of photographs hanging on the wall; among them were those of Rignold, Kate Claxton, Clara Morris, Rose Coghlau and Mrs-John Wood.

"They all have wigs on," he said, "although you would not think it."

" Does Rose Coghian always wear a wig!" "Sometimes she appears with her own hair. The Lady Tearle wig, which she were on the night that Wal' lack's new theatre was opened, was the most expensive I have ever made for that character. One of Clara Mor ris's wigs cost \$150."

"Do actors frequently require the services of the hair, dresser !"

"Some of them have their hair-dresser every night. Almee was one of the most fastidious actresses that I have ever served. She always were false hair, and never wanted it dressed twice in the same fashion When Offenbach was here in 1876, he had his hair Gressed every time he appeared in public. But wigs are made now so substantial that they do not require as much dressing and attention as they did formerly. I made the blonde wig for Charles Fechter to play Hamlet in, which was severely condemned by the critics. For my part, I think that was the right color, for Danes, you know are towheaded. Booth never wears a wig in this character, in which he is quite right, for he has a class. ical head and his own hair is becoming to the part.

THE HAYTIAN INSURRECTION.

ITS CAUSES AND CONDUCT. [FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 11.-The revolt ent doing, will probably result in the overthrow of the government of President Salomon, compelling him, like several of his predecessors, to seek safety in flight. A goodly number of Haytians reside in this city perma nently, most of them originally political refugees, who, preferring stability and order under the British flag to their native country, with its voicaule unrest, concluded to make Jamaica their home. Kingston was the friendly haven in which President Boyer, in 1843, when driven from Hayti, found an asylum. Here too the Emperor Soulouque landed in 1859 from a British man-of-war, on which he had been compelled to seek protection from the infuriated populace at Port au Prince. And here, eight years later, General Geffrard came, when forced by Salnave to relinqu'sh power. With each of these distinguished exiles came numbers of political adherents and personal friends, sharers in his fallen fortunes; so that for the last forty years there has always been a consid-erable Haytian colony in Kingston. There is reason for believing that the present revolutionary movement was planned in this city. At any rate, it is a fact that the principal leaders of it, Generals Boyor, Bazelais and Barlow, lived here in exile for some time, and it was from this point that they started for Inagua, where they received munitions of war from the United States and organized the force with which Miragoane was captured.

this point that they started for lingua, where they received munitions of war from the United States and organized the force with which Miragoane was captured. As to the causes of these ever-recurring revolutions in the black republic, there are two principal ones. First is the jealousy existing between the negro population, forming the great majority, and the people of mixed blood, most of these being mulatives. This leadousy has operated ever since Hayti won her independence. It is in fact chronic, the symptoms from time to time softering under the treatment of skilful hands, but the disease itself remaining untouched at its seat. The "colored" people, so called in contradistinction to the pure negroes, enjoy the advantage of superior intelligence, many of them receiving their education in France. Socially, as a consequence, the tendency with them is toward exclusiveness, which is natural enough; and politically, it is toward something like a monopoly of the more important executive and administrative offices in the republic. This of course is edculated to rouse the jealousy of the blacks, and although the colored Haytians are very far from enerishing the notions of class distinction of which they are suspected, one can see how easy it must be for designing men, bent upon their own aggrandizement, to take advantage of such a state of thinks and inflame the prejudices of the blacks against their more fortunate compatriots. In the present revolutionary movement this class distinction presents itself as the prime factor.

The other principal cause of Haytian revolutions is to be found in the military system of the country. Hayti has a considerable standing army—such as it is—recruited by conscription, the men being wretchedly paid, and the discipline, i. discipline it can be called, wofully and ridiculously lax. The result is that the materials are always at hand with which ambitious chief tains may hopefully attempt the usurpation of power, these conditions, at the same time, being an ever-present temptation fo

THE BOER COURTSHIP.

From Gallignans.

It appears from the new African novel, entitled "The Story of an African Farm," that an "upsatting" is a necessary preliminary to a Boer wedding.—that is to say, the betrothed, or about to be betrothed, pair are expected to sit up together for a whole night, while the rest of the household are quietly reposing. Tant' Sannie's Kaffir maid looks out one evening, and sees a horseman approaching:

The colored woman, having duly inspected him, dashed into the dwelling, "Here is another one," she cried, "a widower; I see by his hat." "Good Lord!" said Tant' Sannie, "it's the seventh I've had this month; but the men know where sheep and good looks and money in the bank are to be

found," she added, winking knowingly. "How does he look?" "Nineteen, weak eyes, white hair, little round nose," said the maid. "Then it's he! then it's he!" said Tant' Sannie triumplantly; "little Piet Vander Walrt, whose wife died last month—two farms, twelve thousand sheep. I've not seen him, but my sister-in-law told me about him, and I dreamed about him last night." Here Piet's black hat appeared in the doorway, and the Boer woman drew herself up in dignified silence, extended the tips of her fingers, and motioned solemnly to a chair. The young man seated him self, sticking his feet under it as far as they would go, and said midlly: "I am little Piet Vander Walt, and my father is big Piet Vander Walt." Tant' Sannie said solemnly. "Yes." "Annt." said the young man, staiting up spasmodically, "can I off-saddle?" "Yes." He seized his hat and dieappeared with a rost through the door.

"I told you so! I knew it!" said Tant' Sannie. "The dear Lord does not send dreams for nothing. Did I not tell you this morning that I dreamed of a great beast like a sheep, with red eyes, and that I killed it? Was not the white wool his hair, and the red eyes his weak eyes I and my killing him meant marriage. Get supper ready quickly; thy sheep's inside and roaster cakes. We shall st up to-night." . . . Nevertheless, when all the rest of the house had retired, when the long candle was lighted, when the coffee-kettle was filled, when she sat in her elbow chair, with het lover on a charclose beside her, and when the vigil of the night was fairly begun, she began to find it wearisome. The young man looked chilly and said nothing. "Woo't you put your feet on my stove?" said Tant' Sannie. "No, thank you. aunt," said the young man, and they both lapsed into silence. At last l'ant' Sannie, afrald of going to sleep, tapped a strong cup of coffee for herself, and handed another to her lover. This visibly revived both. "How long were you married, coush !" "Ton months, annt." . "It's very hard when we must give our husbands and wives to the

AN AMERICAN FAMILY.

Correspondence Detroit Free Press.

My companion was not himself a broker, but he had been among the brokers several years, and had seen a good many ups and downs in the street.

"I know something about it," he said, "and I am convinced that there is no more dangerous play in the world than stock gamoling. Its fascination when it once takes hold is irresistible, and the final run is almost certain. I have known many cases, out a single one will do for illustration. Among the thousands of outsiders who dabbied in Wall-st, ten years ago was one—I don't want to give his real name, but will call him Richards. He operated through our house, that is, the house in which I was employed as bookkeeper, and as he soon became a daily visitor, I got to know him so well that we often had a familiar chat. I sometimes met him in the evening besides, and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy. At first his luck in the street was pretty good, and one day when he had made a thousand or so in an hour, he asked me to dine with him that evening in Delinonico's. Most of our talk was about the street, and when a bottle of wine had made it pretty free I ventured to suggest that as he had done pretty well he should begin to think about getting out.

""Well," he said, "I have thought abous it, but I don't see my way just yet. I must have \$10,000 a year for my family, and how else can I get it?" I have difficulties are always asking for money. In summer they must go to the watering places with light."

"Well," he said, 'high or low, I can't get on with less. The girls are always asking for money. In summer they must go to the watering places with

that pretty high?

"Well, he said, 'high or low, I can't get on with less. The girls are always asking for money. In summer they must go to the watering places with their mother, and in winter there is a ball or a party every week. It costs a great deal of money, and the money must be had in some way.

"May I ask how much money you have as capital—that is, money you can really call your own?

"Well, altogether, I suppose I could rake up \$50,000. Now, what I want to know is how I could use that so as to make \$10,000 a year. I don't really fancy this Wall-st, business, but what am I to do? I must have \$10,000 a year, and though I have looked around a good deal I cannot find any other business that will produce it.

"Why not reduce your expenses? You say you can't do with less than \$10,000 a year? I think you are mistaken. Many families live well on less than \$5,000, and some on \$3,000. Does your family know—just how much money you have?

"I have tried over and over to make them understand, but it is no use. When they want anything there is no peace till they get it, and when I say I cannot afford it they tell me they know I have plenty of money. I really can't make them understand or believe that my means are limited and the amount of the matter is that I must have \$10,000 a year.

"I lost sight of Richards soon after by going to another house where I had a better ofter, but I heard from time to time that his luck was not so good. It must have been five years before I met him again. He looked like another man; his face was careworn and his clothing barely escaped shabbiness. After a few words I asked him if he was still in the street.

"No,' he said, 'that's all over.'

shabbiness. After a few words I asked was still in the street. "No,' he said, 'that's all over.' "Well. I hope you came out all right.'

"All right? Yes, if you call coming out without a dollar all right."
"I was sorry, of course to hear of his ill luck, and asked him if he had gone into any business. No,' he said, 'it was not easy for a man who had nothing to go into business; but his friends were trying to do something for him and there was some hope that they would succeed. They were trying to get him a place in the Custom House. I asked him what the salary was and he said he understood it was \$1,500, with a chance of something better after a while. It would have been cruel to remind him of what he had said five years ago about not being able to live on less than \$10,000, but while we were lünching together he gave me to understand that he was living with his wife and daughters in a small house on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and that the son had obtained a clerkship at \$15 a week, which was the chief support of the family."

THE BILIOUS BARNACLE.

From The Detroil Free Press. The boy who cannot summon the moral courage some day to uncoil the tendrils of his heart from the clustering idols of the household, to grapple with outrageous fortune, ought to be taken by the ear and led away out into the great untried realm of

While the great world throbs on, he sighs and

while the great world throbs on, he sighs and refuses to throb. While other young men put on their seai-brown overalls and wrench the laurewreath and other vegetables from cruel fate, the youth who dangles near the old nest, and eats the hard-earned groceries of his father, shivers on the brink of lite's great current and sheds the scalding tear.

He is the young-man-afraid-of-the-sawbuck, the human being with the unlaundered spinal column. The only vital question that may be said to agitate his pseudo-brain is whether he shall marry, and bring his wife to the home-nest, or marry and tear loose from his parents to live with his father-inlaw. Finally he settles it and compromises by living alternately with each.

How the old folks yearn to see him. How their aged eyes light up when he comes with his growing family to devour everything in sight and yawn through the space between meals. This is the heyday of his life; the high noon of the boy who never ventured to ride the yearling celt, or to be yanked through the shimmering sunlight at the tail of a two-year-old. He never dared to have any fun because he might bump his nose and make it bleed on his clean clothes. He never surreptitiously cut the copper wire off the lightning rod to anae suckers with, and he never went in awimming because the great rude buys might duck him or paint him with mud. He shunned the green apple of boyhood and did not slide down hill because he would have to pull his sled back to the top again.

Now he borrows other people's newspapers, eats the provisions of others, and sits on the counter of the grocery till the proprietor calls him a counter irritant.

There can be nothing more un-American than this flabby pelyp, this one-horse tadpole that never be-

There can be nothing more un-American than this flabby polyp, this one-horse tadpole that never becomer a frog. The average American would rather burst up in business six times in four years, and settle for nine cents on the collar, than to lead such a life. He would rather be an active bankrupt than a weak and bilious barnacle on the clam-shell of home.

a life. He would rather be an active bankrupt than a weak and bilious barnacle on the clam-shell of home.

The true American would rather work himself into luxury or the innatic asylum than to hang like a great wart upon the face of nature. This young man is not in accordance with the Yankee schedule, and yet I do not want to say that he belongs to any other nation. Foreign powers may have been wrong; transatlantic nations may have erred, and the system of Enropean government may have been erroneous, but I would not come out and charge them with this horrible responsibility. They never harmed me, and I will not tarnish their fair fame with this grave indictment. He will breathe a certain amount of atmosphere and absorb a given amount of feed for a few years, and then the full-grown biped will leave the homenest at last. The undertaker will come and get him and take what there is left of him out to the cemetery. That will be all. There can be no deep abiding sorrow for him here; public buildings will not be draped in mourning, and you can get your mail at the usual hours when he dies. The band will not play a sadder strain because the fag-end of a human failure has tapsered down to death, and the soft and shapeless features are still. You will have no trouble getting a draft cashed on that day, and the giddy throng will join the picnic as they had made arrangements to do.

## ALPHONSE DAUDET.

HIS PERSONAL AND LITERARY TRAFFS. DRAWING HIS WORKS FROM NATURE—THE STORY OF

FROM AN OCCASIONAL COMPRESPONDENT OF THE TAIDWING.

PARIS, May 24.

It has become the fachion to say that Fronch literature has seen its palmiest days; that it has no longer Balzac, Gautier, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Jules Janin, Beaumarchais, and Scribe. But with no attempt to defend the se-called "modern French school," it may safely be said that there has probably never been in the long reign of French fiction a more brilliant trip of contemporaries than

abiy never been in the long reign of French fiction a more brilliant trio of contemporaries than B. Goncourt, Cherbullez and Dandet.

Of the three, Dandet is the most poweles. The Goncourt is appreciated only by the feet, by the who read not for the pleasure of reading, but I of the study of the how and the why of the pathor. Cherbullez is liked by the careful reader, by him who reads to gratify a critical literary taste. Daudet is liked by every one, even by those who read merely for pleasure, and who forget when once the book is closed by whom it was written and what was its plot. He pleases "the public" by his skilfully managed intrigue, by his elan, his mourement; he pleases the admirer of Cherbuliez by the life of his character and his subtle discretion of soul and thought; and he delights the disciple. of De Goncourt by the charm of his possy, and that dreamy imagination, wandering as it lists, over the rine-clad bounders of La Provence, or in the broad

sunny plains of Arles.

Daudet is the French Dickens. He says himself, in speaking of Désirée Delobelle, the listle la

girl in "Sidonie":

Andre Gill told me that in one of Dickens's novels, which I had not read, "Our Mutual Friend," there was exactly the same character of a lame little "Doll's Drossmaker," which the great novelist had depicted with his profound tenderness for the humble and poor. I remembered then how often I had been compared to Dickens, and how often the great resemblance between "David Copperfield" and "Le l'etit Chose" had been pointed out to me. I feel in my heart Dickens's love for the lowly, for the unhappy childhosd of little ones reared in the squalor and misery of a great city; I too had a heartrending struggle for existence, and earned my bread before I was sixteen; therein ties, I fancy, our greatest resemblance.

The resemblance is greater than he chinks, and,

The resemblance is greater than he blinks, and strange to say, Ernest Daudet, his brother, an author too, and well known in the world of letters, resembles Dickens physically as much as does Alphonse Daudet in his writings. He has the same broad brow, the same contour of the face, the same deep furrows in the cheeks. The resembla seemed so striking to me the first time I met his that I was quite surprised he should address me French.

There are three distinct periods in Daudet's w ings; that of the studies of the South, which are found in "L'Arlesienne," "Tres Lettres de Mon Moulin." and the famous "Tartarin de Sarascon" that of the studies of Parisian types and centres, in "The Nabob," "Kings in Exile," "Sidonie," and "Jack"; and that of the sketches of the war, in "Les Coutes du Lundi," a collection of short steries, in which he gives voice to the anguish of defeat. They are very simple, and altogether free from that mixture of mawkish sentimentality and revolutionary clamor which marks the literate of that time, but they tell of a heartfelt loyalty to the flag which is true patriotism and breather of the heroic days of Gaul-a touching "Gloria Victia. Everything which he depicts he has seen or feit. and his characters are as true to life as his descric tions.

He found Elysée Mérant in Thérion, one of he friends of the Quartier Latin; and Risler is a reco;-lection of his childhood, a blond Alsatian, who draw the patterns in his father's factory. It is easy to recognize in the Duke de Mora Napoleon's Prime Minister, the Duke de Morny, whose secretary Ernest Daudet was for a long time. The "Nabob" is François Bravay, a worthy peasant of the "Midi," who went to seek his fortune in Turkey, and who ost it more rapidly in the whirlpool of Paris dissipation than he had earned it in the Golden Porte. Numa Roumestan is the well-known Senator Baragnon, and Daudet says: "The real Sidonie is living still; not perhaps so black as I have painted her. but as fond as ever of extravagant dress and pleasure; and my friend Madame Gardinois is still polishing her jewels in her far-away country home, with the same constancy as of old." He spent a whole winter in finding a trade for Désirée Delegier. belle, of whom he could no longer make a dressmaker, since Jenny Wren was already in ex-

The death of Risler alse necessitated many long expeditions. He had in mind a certain little house in his course through the narrow winding streets to the dark vault where he was to hang himself. His description of Ajaccio in "The Nabob," and of A. giers in "Tartarin de Sarascon." are the recollections of his sojourns in Corsica and Africa, where his feeble health required purer sir than the choking atmosphere of Paris. The world owes "Sidonie" and " Her Majesty's Christmas Dinner" to his long residence in the "Marais," a delightfully of and historical corner of Paris, not very far from the Bastille, where one finds the very factories he de-scribes, just as he described them. He says: "When I have gathered all my descriptions, when I have I may say, illustrated my story, after long search and many fatighing walks, I have only to write my

book, for the work is more than half done."

"La Petit Chose" is the story of Daudet's life, Whether one reads its entrancing pages, or Ernest Daudet's "My Brother and I," he will find the same groundwork of facts-the two brothers growing up together in the large factory, in a tender atmos phere of home-love; the reverses, the failures; the ourney to Lyons; the sufferings of the poor little inder-tutor (for Dandet like Goldsmith began life by occupying a subordinate position in a large-school; and finally the arrival in Paris of a slender deficate child of sixteen, cold and wearied from h long dreary ride in a third-class car from Lyons, filled with glo ving aspirations and bright antiefpations for the future, but rendered so timid by his poverty and loneliness that he feared to trust in

filled with glowing aspirations and bright anticipations for the future, but rendered so timid by his poverty and loneliness that he feared to trust in himself and was half-afraid to believe in the weatta of his intellect. Ernest Dandet had preceded his brother by a few months, and was struggling for a livelihood in the great city, earning barely 200 franes a month by writing the memoirs of an old gautleman of the Court of Charles X. Nothing can be more pathetic than the coming of the "little brother" to this older one who could harely defray his own expenses, but who welcomed the heart-sou wayfarer so tenderly and surrounded him with such loving care, that it won for him the name of "Mother Jacques."

Their life has much changed since those wretched, happy days in the Rue Tournos, where Alphonsoused to spend long hours in the galleries of the Odeon, "delighted and still halt afraid to be elbowing all the great men of letters around the bookstalls." There is little left now of those times beat the many recollections which both brothers cherish like a precious relic. For fortunately all of "Petit Chose" is not true. "Jacques" is living still, and the little poet, though he has found the "Black Eyes" which so be witched him, has not become a pottery merchaat, but the author of many "Papillons Bleus."

Alphonse Dandet was born at Nimes, in Southern France, in 1840, and is consequently in the prinso of his life as well as of his fame. He is slender and dark like all Southerners, and Theodore de Banville drawn this picture of huz, in his "Parisian Cances": "The complexion is of a warm pallot, the eyebrows silky and straight, the eyes magnificent, liquid and burning or lost in revery; the mouth tender and dreamy; the lips almost purple will red; the hair dark brown, soft and very abundant thrown back carelessly from a broad brow—a word, the head and face of a poet, proudly magnificent, liquid and burning or lost in revery; the mouth tender and dreamy; the lips almost parple will red; the hair dark brown, soft and ver